

THE HICKMAN COURIER.

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Advertising in the Team that Pulls the Commercial Wagon up the Hill of Success. The Courier has a Spankin' Good Team. Grease the Axles of Your Wagon. Old Man, and Let's H'ch Up

VOLUME 50—NO. 21
HICKMAN, FULTON COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1908.
WHOLE NO. 2420
ESTABLISHED IN THE YEAR 1859

BARGAINING WITH A BURGLAR.

How an Old Banker Used Diplomacy to Get Rid of an Unwelcome Visitor.

A group of his friends were discussing William Winslow Sherman, the old banker, who died not long ago.

"He had the coolest nerve of any man I know," said one. "Three or four years ago, when Sherman was an old man and partially crippled by reason of a fall from a horse, he entered his bedroom late at night to find a masked burglar ransacking it.

"The thief had a big gun raised on Sherman in a minute. The banker just waved it aside with a tired hand. 'Put that away,' he said irritably. 'Let us discuss this matter like gentlemen.' The burglar was so surprised he laughed. 'Now, you could hurt me if you wanted to, and might get away with some little knick-knacks,' said Sherman. 'But you might be caught, and there's a slight probability that you could dispose of my toilet articles profitably. What would you consider a fair cash proposition to go away?' They talked it over in all peace.

"The burglar thought he ought to have ten dollars, but Sherman, after inquiring into the man's habits, said eight dollars was enough. 'You see,' he said, 'you're a known thief. If this were your first offense I'd pay you your price, but now the police have your picture you ought to be glad to accept any fair compromise and run no risk.'

"The burglar finally agreed to take eight dollars. Sherman pulled out a ten-dollar bill. 'Give me two dollars change,' said he. And he got it before he paid."

SOCIAL FEUD IN DOLLOM.



Mamma—Aren't you going to take you doll to the Schneiders this afternoon?
Mariechen—No; she can't bear Elsa's doll.

TALE OF TWO CITIES.

New York fleeces her dwellers by ordinance, her visitors by agreement, her transients by sandbags; Boston sells them copper stocks and revolutionary souvenirs. The New Yorker who has escaped the alderman, the lobster palace and the sandbagger gives his money to a bank receiver, and that prudent person brings it to Boston to escape the burglar. New York is a financial center, Boston is a financial refuge. People camp on the cliffs of New York; they have homes in Boston. Gotham is clubbed by policemen; the Hub is policed by clubmen. New York is a way station on the road to Hades; Boston is the gateway to Paradise.

A FIGHTING SNAKE.

There is only one snake in the far east—that is, Burma, India, Siam and the Malay peninsula—that will always and at all times attack a man on sight. That is the hamadryad, justly more feared than any other animal that crawls.

Fortunately for mankind, they are not common except in limited districts. They are so feared by all that the native skinkaris or hunters will go miles out of their way to avoid the locality in which they are known to exist. The hamadryad will stalk a man as a tiger stalks his prey.

Buy your flower bulbs from Miss Frankie Reid, representation agent for best hot house in Louisville—JACOB SCHULZ.

"BARGAIN DAY" A WINNER

The Courier's Bargain Day was a winner. Folks voted early and often. The young ladies in the contest were agreeably surprised with the way their friends handed them dollars. It proved the old adage that "you never know what you can do until you try." Those who made an effort Saturday were handsomely rewarded, as will be seen by their credits which follows.

The Courier's contest attracted more attention Saturday than either local politics or the night rider situation. In fact, it is just getting under good way, and will be watched with interest from now on.

Next week we will announce the closing day, which means, of course, that the contest will not last much longer. We do not intend that it shall become monotonous to our readers. If you are intending to carry off one of the three prizes, our advice is keep busy from now until the close. You can count the weeks on one hand now that remain in which to work.

Bargain day made the vote jump up some, I thank you. Compare it with the last report.

This week the vote stands:

Miss Mintie Stoker.....	39630
Miss Lillie Coffey.....	1110
Miss Doria Carpenter.....	48450
Miss Virginia Royster.....	10510
Miss Kate McConnell.....	355
Miss Ivy DeBow.....	3435
Miss Pearl Stone.....	8790

In behalf of both the young ladies and the Courier management, we wish to thank the following for subscriptions paid here Saturday:

Mrs. M. E. Nail, Bolivar, Tenn.
J. R. Harris, Paris, Tenn.
H. N. Best, Crutchfield, Ky.
L. W. Elliott, Sr., Crutchfield.
Mrs. A. M. Prater, Brownsville, Texas.
Roy Wade, Cayce, Ky.
Robbie Bradley, Pryorsburg, Ky.
W. R. Henderson, Fresno, Cal.
Chas. Shelton, Wingo, Ky.
J. B. Robinson, Watahachie, Texas.
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Miss Dora Smith.
Val Carpenter.
John Mullen.
J. L. Atwell.

Miss Lottie Linder.
J. D. Hayes.
J. J. Say.
J. M. Roper.

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D. Owens.
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W. M. Cason.
W. G. H. Marshall.
One Threlkeld.
Alex Rice.
W. F. Montgomery.
Robt. Collier.
O. G. Henry.
T. J. Robertson.
W. F. Barnes.
H. C. Heim.
A. S. Rosedale.

ROTHSCHILD MARRIAGES.

Number of Unions Between Cousins Belonging to the Famous Family.

The founder of the Rothschild family, Mayer Amschel of the Red Shield, dying in 1812, exhorted his five sons, engaged as loanmongers under him in Frankfurt, Vienna, London, Paris and Naples, not only to remain faithful to the law of Moses and stand ever united, but to undertake nothing of importance without first consulting their mother.

Nathan, founder of the London branch, also was so convinced of the business capacities of his wife, a Cohen, that he not only left the huge residue of his fortune at her disposal, but added instruction that his sons were to engage in no undertaking of moment without her consent.

How far the instruction was observed one is not in a position to say, but it is certain the Rothschilds have done their best to live in family unity, for from the gentile point of view the number that have married cousins is appalling. Of the five children of the great Nathan each married a cousin.

And coming to contemporaries, Lord Rothschild is the son of cousins and the husband of a cousin. Returning to Nathan, the Sidonia of "Coningsby," though his offspring married cousins, a reaction followed in the next generation, for three of his granddaughters, two of whom have been already named, married not only out of the family, but out of the faith.

COLONY WITHOUT CRIME.

St. Helena, our little Napoleonic colony in mid-Atlantic, is a model community. Its governor, Col. Gallwey, is also its judge, but in the latter capacity he has little or nothing to do. He holds court at stated times, but the only business is the presentation of white gloves.

Nevertheless St. Helena has an "inspector of police," and as the withdrawal of the garrison, hitherto the chief consumer of local products, has adversely affected the finances the St. Helena Guardian urges the abolition of this "unnecessary official who has practically nothing to do." His salary should go to a "much wanted assistant surgeon." There is only one surgeon in St. Helena, and if he became incapacitated the little community on the lonely Napoleonic rock would be in a parlous state.

SCOTCH HOSPITALITY.

George Conklin, the famous animal trainer, was talking to a reporter at the circus in New York.

"The secret of animal training is gentleness. Nothing sudden or brusque must be done. An unexpected caress may anger an animal more than a kick in the ribs.

"Sudden, brusque, unexpected things never go, no matter how well they are meant. Once I was showing in Scotland."

Mr. Conklin smiled.

"We trainers," he said, "supped one night with a Scotch admirer. The old man was the soul of hospitality, but I admit I was rather startled when he leaned toward me and said:

"Stick in, man Conklin, stick in. Yer frien' Coot's two muffins ahead o' ye."—Rochester Herald.

BROTHER DICKEY'S SAYINGS.

Thunder is mighty good at hollerin', but it's de lightnin' dat gits dar an' t'ends ter business.

If you got ter have compny on de road you travelin', be sho' dat Trouble don't take up wid you an' make believe he's Happiness in disguise.

W'en jedgmint day comes some er de lazy folks will sho' say dat de Angel Gabrul blowed dat trumpet too soon.—Atlanta Constitution.

Heim & Ellison have sold over seven thousand bottles of their famous Tar-Pine since putting it on the market. A pretty good record for a local sale.

Who hit Billy Patterson.



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YOU'LL find a good many styles in Overcoats here to select from; and they're

Hart Schaffner & Marx made.

You ought to buy more than one Overcoat to get the best results in looks and service.

A dark fabric like kersey or melton or heavy oxford cheviot, for dressy use; and a raincoat or something in a fancy fabric for more general use. It's cheaper in the end, to buy this way.

Same in suits; two suits at a time, worn in alternation, outwear two suits worn one after the other steadily until outworn.

Better dress right. Suits and overcoats,

\$3.00 to \$2500 for Men
\$1.50 to \$10.00 for Boys

This store is the home of Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes

Smith & Amberg

Rogers Kills Kesterson.

T. J. Kesterson, residing six miles above town, near the iron bridge, was shot five times by his neighbor, R. R. Rogers, about 6 o'clock Saturday morning, and died instantly. The tragedy took place in front of Mr. Rogers' home, which is only a short distance from Kesterson's home.

Rogers started to town immediately after the shooting to give himself up. On the way he was met by Deputy Sheriff Rob Goalder and County Coroner Smith, and returned with them to be present at the inquest. The result of the inquest was that Rogers killed Kesterson in self-defense, and Rogers was released.

The trouble between the two men was the out-come of a dispute about the right of fishing in a small pond. The pond is partly on Rogers' place, but Kesterson claimed to have bought the exclusive fishing privilege before Rogers bought the place, and denied Rogers the privilege of fishing in any part of it. This generated ill feeling, and it is said that Kesterson always carried his winchester with him when he went to the pond.

On the morning of the killing, the testimony at the coroner's inquest showed that Kesterson had passed Rogers' place, stopped and the two men had a few unpleasant words. Rogers was in front of his home at the time, splitting stove wood. Fear-

ing that Kesterson would renew the trouble on his return, Rogers went in the house and armed himself. When Kesterson returned a short time afterward, he stopped again and more unpleasant words followed. Kesterson picked up a cant-hook and made for Rogers, who was in a sitting position and had an arm-load of wood, but Rogers drew his gun and fired before Kesterson reached him. Rogers fired five shots, each one taking effect.

Both are prominent and well-to-do farmers.

Kesterson came to Hickman about nine years ago, from near Oakton, where he is said to have killed a man with a club. While he was a big-

hearted, honest fellow, he had a bad temper and was at times considered over-bearing. He is survived by a wife and several small children, who have the sympathy of their many friends. Burial took place in Hickman county, Sunday.

Mr. Rogers is a native of Tennessee, coming here about a year ago. He is highly respected by all who know him.

The friends of both parties regret the sad affair very much.

W. A. Edminston spent the first of the week with his family at Cayce. He is now located at Potts' Camp, Miss.

It is over for another four years.